

# The Critic

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### Literature

#### Memorial History of New York City\*

THE FIRST of the promised quartette of portly octavo volumes which are to set forth the history of America's commercial metropolis comes before us in handsome dress. The city that carries the keys of the continent at her girdle, has her seat on the site most favored of nature within the bounds of the Republic, and withal numbers more years than make a quarter of a millennium, should have her annals fitly costumed by a master of the 'art preservative.' That this volume was printed at the De Vinne Press is a guarantee of its typographical excellence.

Gen. James Grant Wilson has summoned around him experts in Dutch and colonial history, and himself supervised the varied work. After special visits to Holland he has secured valuable documentary and illustrative material for the work, much of which is new. The illustrations are fresh, clear and, as a rule, appropriate. Dr. Benjamin F. De Costa, expert in what relates to events before the settlement of Manhattan Island, writes with graphic skill of explorations previous to Henry Hudson. He believes in the voyage of Verrazano, and pronouncing the Italian's letter to Francis I. genuine, he defends its text with minute detail of proof and a consummate skill that we commend to Dr. E. E. Hale. Mr. Edward Manning Ruttenber writes rather sensationaly of the natives and Indian antiquities of Manhattan. His statement on page 37 that the Indians were not only 'a people of taste and industry, but in morals they were quite the peers of their Dutch neighbors,' is a most absurd untruth. The editor would have done well to draw his pen through most of the paragraphs containing this and similar statements. Of the 'mixed multitude' which floated to the shores of Manhattan, the words quoted might possibly be true, but after a good deal of study of the local records of early New Netherland, we believe Mr. Ruttenber's statements are far from the facts and entirely out of place in this history. No more moral, no more truly religious people came in the seventeenth century from Europe to America than the pure-blooded Dutch, who invariably came with, or soon after coming secured, a schoolmaster and a clergyman. The oldest fully organized Protestant Church in America is the Dutch church began on the Battery in 1628.

The Rev. Daniel Van Pelt, the accomplished student of Dutch history, and a master of the records in the vernacular of the first settlers, treats of the state of things in Patria, out of which grew the great Dutch West India Company and the first settlement of what the Dutch of the seventeenth century called New Netherland. To call it by a plural name is as inaccurate as the persistent insertion by the English of the 'Van' before Tromp. Accurately and tersely the writer describes the United States of Netherlands, and how the little republic of northern Europe became the leader in civilization, with England a long way behind. The affairs of the West India Company and the labors of Usselinck are well

described, and the 'colonizing' clause and 'amplifications' analyzed. Chapter IV. tells of the voyage of Hudson and its results in trade and colonization. Here we read of the Netherlanders, Block, Christiaensen, Hendricksen, May and Verhulst, and of Forts Nassau and Orange, and the formation of that league of peace between the Dutch and the Iroquois which helped so powerfully to bring about the final results of keeping North America true to Teutonic ideas. Full credence is given to the alleged visit of Virginia's buccaneer-Governor Argall to Manhattan. The editor also adds a thoroughly characteristic note concerning his recent conversation with the dowager-Queen of Holland. Peter Minuit and Walter Van Twiller are the main subjects of Chapter V. Both of these chapters are vigorously written and full of local color.

James W. Gerard, well known as a minute and careful student of New Netherland, furnishes a brilliant word-picture of social commercial and political life in the time of Gov. William Kieft. Of grand old Stuyvesant, Mr. Berthold Fernow, formerly keeper of the Dutch records in Albany, writes with full grasp of the subject. Prof. Eugene Lawrence paints the portrait of Nicolls the first English Governor, and sets him in a frame of lively incident and fact. Dr. Ashbel G. Vermilye gives the ripe fruits of his long-continued studies, in two chapters, one of which tells of Francis Lovelace and the other of the Leisler troubles. Of the latter essay it is not too much to say that it is the clearest, most intelligible and most impartial account of Jacob Leisler yet produced. New York would do well to vindicate his memory and erect his monument. The author of 'The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson,' Mr. William L. Stone, writes a brilliant chapter on Sir Edmund Andros, and Marcus Andrews contributes that on Thomas Dongan, the liberal-minded Governor under whom New York's charter was given. The rise of piracy is vividly described by Charles Burr Todd. Perhaps the most important chapter is that on the constitutional and legal history of New York in the seventeenth century. Interesting as it is, and full of the proofs of clear-headed industry, it does not show profound or critical acquaintance with the vernacular sources of Dutch history or of the local government and jurisprudence of the homeland of the Dutch. Mr. Charles R. Hildeburn's essay on 'Printing in New York in the Seventeenth Century' will be found interesting to all bibliophiles.

As a whole, the volume has the usual merits and the almost necessary defects of a piece of mosaic literary workmanship. In literary form and substance it compares quite favorably with other 'memorial' volumes of like structure and purpose. In the footnotes and elsewhere, efforts have been made to disperse the dense ignorance and prejudice hanging like a pall over the early history of the State. The note on page 139 is one in point. No other of the thirteen original commonwealths has suffered as New York has by having her early history turned into what the brilliant author himself in later life called a 'coarse caricature.' We find the Dutchman's endearing title of his pastor is properly spelled as the old Dutch documents spelled it, as good Latin, and not late Scotch. The 'domine' was the clergyman; a 'dominie' is a schoolmaster. A valuable feature is a list of the streets and canals with their appellations, and the names of residents in early days before the semi-piratical attack of the royal buccaneer in 1664. These reveal how closely the first settlers copied what they had been accustomed to at home. It is unfortunate, too, that the early institutions of the Dutch in New York, their common schools sustained by taxation, their registration of deeds and mortgages, their excellent methods of jurisprudence (all of which were abolished by the English, or buried under their political and legal system), their care of orphans and the poor, their church organizations and their social characteristics have not been more clearly set forth, though the limitations of the work probably caused this defect. It is an inexcusable blot that the caricatures of Diedrich Knickerbocker have been allowed

\* The Memorial History of the City of New York. Edited by James Grant Wilson Vol. I. \$7.50. New York History Co.

to stand in a work like this. Not only is the 'immortal jest' quoted in the editor's preface, but several pictures made for Irving's comic extravaganza—too often misread as real history—are reproduced, though they have no better claim to be here than so many cartoons from *Judge* or *Puck*.

"The Caliphate" \*

IN THE 'RISE, Decline and Fall of the Caliphate,' Sir William Muir has given a carefully written history of Islam, from the death of the great Prophet to the fall of the Mameluke dynasty in 1258. Not only are the conquests touched upon, but the religious and the social as well as the political aspect of affairs is delineated in such a graphic manner that the narrative reads more like a romance than a recital of dry facts.

Perhaps no part of history is so little understood, though none can excite more lively interest, than the court of Bagdad, with its famous hero, Haroun-al-Raschid, dear even to the childish reader of 'The Arabian Nights.' Hitherto the materials for its elucidation had been inadequate and unreliable. Hence it was that Mr. Muir took up the difficult task of unearthing the treasures hidden away in alcoves and libraries throughout the East, and offering them to the world in this stout volume. There were four 'Arabian Caliphs' of Medina (632-661), fourteen 'Omayyads' of Damascus (661-750) and twenty-seven 'Ambassides' of Bagdad (750-1258). During all this time there were many rival caliphs, such as those in Egypt and Spain, but they are not considered as such, since the word meaning successor is only applied to the sultans of the family of Mohammed. 'There shall be no two creeds, and you shall be my successor'; such was the Prophet's dying declaration to Abu Bekr, and before the people knew of the master's death, this faithful follower was at work carrying out his bequest. Apostates arose in different parts of Arabia, and thousands flocked to their standards, but Abu Bekr by force of arms was able in less than a year to 'ride the whirlwind and direct the storm.'

The author thinks 'that but for Abu Bekr, Islam would have melted away in compromise with Bedouin tribes, or likelier still have perished in the throes of birth.' The Bedouins though subdued were not conquered, however. 'Compelled at first to lead them' in crusades, in order to divert their attention from internal dissensions, he soon found himself impelled by fanaticism and a desire of booty to maintain a continual war upon the infidel. As he marched from success to success, the horizon enlarged before his eyes. Many races were subdued and the course of empire spread to east and west. Commerce was extended, while the arts and sciences were cultivated, and Bagdad, Damascus and Cairo were centres of intellectual activity. Wealth made the Moslem indolent, and the empire embracing so many races differing in disposition and belief, though impregnable to European attack, gradually crumbled away from civil and internecine strife.

The Turk, a believer in the Koran, then began to reconstruct the tottering Islam empire. The fundamental doctrines of the faith—prayer, almsgiving, fasting, pilgrimage, and war against the infidel—these the Turks observed to the letter. Their victory at Nicopolis and the triumphal march into Constantinople seemed to indicate that Europe would have a Moslem and not a Christian civilization. But the civilization the Turks had acquired has remained stationary; there has been neither progress nor material change. It is the same to-day as in the palmiest days of the Omayyads at Damascus. The author says:—'The Islam of to-day is substantially the same as we have seen throughout this history. Swathed in the bands of the Koran, the Moslem faith, unlike the Christian, is powerless to adapt itself to varying times and place, keep pace with the march of hu-

manity, direct or purify the social life, or elevate mankind. Freedom, in the proper sense of the word, is unknown, and this apparently because, in the body politic, the spiritual and the secular are hopelessly confounded.' Mr. Muir's former works, 'The Life of Mohammed' and 'Mohammed and Islam,' have testified to his ability as an author, and this volume, covering a later period, but written in the same fascinating style, will be welcomed by all whose interest in the subject he has already awakened or renewed.

Ibsen's "Brand" \*

WILLIAM WILSON, in his brief and modest introduction to his translation of Henrik Ibsen's dramatic poem, 'Brand,' makes a remark both shrewd and true, but little likely to be approved by the Norwegian dramatist himself or his most enthusiastic admirers. He says it is a misfortune to a writer to be first known, not as he is, but as others regard him; and then goes on to declare that Ibsen's artistic purpose has been misjudged, because his 'professed' disciples (a cruel epithet!) have misrepresented it as a moral one, whereas 'Henrik Ibsen's mind, essentially and strongly inquisitive, is as unwilling as it is unable to teach anything; he is an acute and insatiable questioner, but it would be hardly possible to find so great a dramatist so little of a philosopher.'

It may be that Mr. Wilson scarcely recognizes the full significance of this assertion, which practically concedes almost every point made against Ibsen by his more moderate critics. The most savage ridicule directed against the literary work of the Norwegian was no more extravagant than the adulation lavished upon it by the little knot of his earliest English admirers, who thought they discerned in everything he wrote the marks of the loftiest genius and most daring and brilliant originality. They held him up as an object of admiration and reverence, not only as an inspired poet and dramatist, but as one of the profoundest and subtlest analysts of human nature ever known, as the author of a theory affording a ready solution of the most difficult psychological problems, as the father of a new philosophy and as a teacher of most weighty and hitherto unsuspected truths. If they had contented themselves with praising his poetic thought and powers of literary expression, his natural but uncultivated dramatic instinct and his faculty for dissecting and exhibiting the baser motives and attributes which influence human actions, there would have been more chance of rational discussion, and he would have received more of the credit to which he is justly entitled. When public attention was concentrated on his social plays by the pother that was raised about them, and it was found that, as a whole, they were devoid of action, that the characters were morbid, and many of the incidents and much of the dialogue puerile (in a theatrical, if not in a scientific sense), most persons felt as if it had been sought to make them victims of some sort of imposture, and, in their resentment, saw nothing but the too obvious faults.

'Brand' is on a much higher plane than any of the social or historical dramas of Ibsen that have been brought within the reach of English readers. Looking at it from Mr. Wilson's point of view, there can be no doubt that it is a work of remarkable power. So much is made clear, even through the necessarily imperfect medium of a translation. It is equally certain that the piece, although presented as an allegory, is of no value as a study of life, religion, manners or philosophy. It not only teaches nothing, but the more carefully it is read the more doubtful does the reader become of the object of the author in writing it, or whether he had any definite object at all, beyond that of contrasting types of poetic character. The first four acts seem to aim at a demonstration of the atrocious absurdities of which a religious monomaniac of the extreme Calvinistic sect might be capable; but this proposition is scarcely tenable in view of

\* The Caliphate: Its Rise, Decline and Fall. By Sir William Muir. \$4.50. Fleming H. Revell Co.

\* Brand: A Drama. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William Wilson. Methuen & Co.

the final catastrophe, which leaves it very uncertain whether Brand finds divine approval or not. In either case, Brand as a type is as unconvincing as he is unsympathetic, but his insane bigotry is depicted with undeniable power and a reckless consistency which might almost be called magnificent. Throughout he is a most imposing and exalted figure, in spite of the morbid taint which clings to all the prominent creations of Ibsen's fancy; and in his remorseless enforcement of his merciless creed—hard and cold as his native rocks and snows—there is a stern nobility suggestive of an Old Testament prophet. Beyond all question he is both dramatic and poetic, boldly imagined and firmly and picturesquely drawn. Beside him the minor characters in the allegory, albeit much more human and truthful, appear as pygmies. Agnes, who as wife and mother is immolated upon the altar of his heartless zeal, is a pathetic study of pure and devoted womanhood, while Brand's miserly mother, the Baillie, the half-crazy gypsy girl Gerd and the artist Ejnar are all depicted with a keen sense of character and well sustained individuality, in spite of their occasional descent to triviality.

But the real power of the author is revealed in the descriptions of northern scenery and natural phenomena. Even in the prose translation of Mr. Wilson, which is evidently a very good one, much of the poetic spirit is preserved, and it is easy to believe that many of the passages dealing with the wild weather and bleak but majestic landscape of the region of rock and snow must be most impressive in the original. They are distinguished by that union of truth and imagination which is one of the tests of true poetry, and 'Brand,' notwithstanding its inequalities, its contradictions and its absurdities, may be accepted as a justification, at least in part, of certain estimates of Ibsen's abilities which, without it, would be incomprehensible.

#### "Vampires" and "Mademoiselle Reseda" \*

THE FIRST of these two stories is on a different plane from the writer's other work, and is much the best thing she has done so far. It deals with one of those tragedies that lift everyday lives into dignity and are not the less tragic because the actors are obscure and their surroundings commonplace. The teller of the story and chorus of the tragedy is a man of the world who has been driven by a reverse of fortune to take refuge in a second-rate boarding-house, where he finds himself one of a group that is sketched with a light hand and a decided sense of humor. Indeed, after reading this book we are forced to the conclusion that the author's strength lies in humorous description rather than the analysis of passion. Take, for instance, the following passage, describing the humble hero:—

His hair was very red. It curled all over his round head tightly, and one could not but feel how pretty it would have been on the head of a painted cherub or a living infant. His small grey eyes had a merry twinkle in them, as well as a great fund of patience and of kindness. His turned-up nose was conscientiously inquisitive, his round face bright with ruddy health. His queer wide mouth was as fresh as a cherry, and his teeth—well, poor Paton had this one beauty—such teeth! white, regular, beautiful. They were usually in full play when he and I met, and did their work with silent expedition. He ate of everything voraciously. Miss Hodgson, who pressed him pretty closely in the race, was more ponderous in her performance. She had lost a tooth or two, and her mastication was heavy and audible. It was evident from her strongly-developed animal jaw that she was no ascetic, and that the pleasures of the table were very real to her. She suffered with the gout, but no twinges warned her to forego her pudding or her thin coffee, into which she piled six lumps of sugar until it had the consistency of molasses syrup.

Here is another description, of a fashionable woman:—  
'To call my cousin Nelly a great lady is perhaps stretching the point a little, but when there is question of a very pretty woman, how elastic grows the male judgment! There always appeared to me to be two souls inhabiting my cousin—'

\* Vampires. *Mlle. Réséda.* By Julien Gordon. \$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.

in's graceful person, two distinct beings exhaled from her mouth and eyes. Her mouth, that crimson flower, is that of a serious and absorbed Phryne fed upon the most delicate philtres and spices of passion. Her far-seeing eyes, green as the summer sea and as alluring as its cool depths in the hot noontime, are haughty as a proud queen's. Both eyes and mouth are full of mystery. Mystery is menace,—which is perhaps a reason for preferring a possible, if vulgar, Miss Hodgson, to a serious and absorbed Phryne occupied in exhaling her being from her eyes. The vampires are a mother and her daughter, waifs from the South, whose selfish shallowness is veneered with a cheap gentility which much impresses the prosaic Paton. He marries the girl and toils for them both until he dies in harness, happy at least in that he never knows for how poor a thing he has given his life.

'Mlle. Réséda,' the second story, is full of sound and fury, but signifies less than the first. To be sure, we move in high life once more, which is perhaps the reason that we find one of the heroines, scornful alike of grammar and mankind, exclaiming, 'Are that sort of men ever in love?' When we read that 'the light caress felt to her like the velvet touch of a living flame,' we are comfortably sure that the writer has never been badly burned. But what does this mean:—'Socialism itself is only the eternal Ego grown into Dynamo'? One of the foremost figures in the story is so described that he cannot fail to suggest a well-known artist; and here we touch upon one of the author's grave faults. It is well to hold the mirror up to Nature, but, also well to remember that the image in a mirror is reversed, and when a fictitious character is so closely copied from a living model that the likeness is at once apparent, as in the case of the oculist in 'A Puritan Pagan' and the painter in 'Mlle. Réséda,' the rules of literary art are broken, and such portraiture can only be regarded as an impertinence or a treachery. In 'Vampires' Julien Gordon has shown that she has decided talent, and for the future she can claim the right, and must also submit to the penalty, of being judged by her best work.

#### Lady Mary Wortley Montagu \*

A HUNDRED YEARS have failed to suppress the irrepressible Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose lively physiognomy looks out of this volume as 'pearl' as possible, in several different forms, from the canvases of Sir Godfrey Kneller. English letters-writers are not so numerous or so celebrated that we can afford to ignore the brilliant epistolary performances of this *grande dame*. An earl's daughter, physically pampered and petted yet intellectually neglected, Lady Mary triumphed by pure genius, or rather eminent talent, over the obstacles put in her way. She grew up a piquant, beautiful girl, who, when the opportunity came, eloped with Mr. Wortley Montagu, rather than marry a rich dunderhead selected by her father. Pope fell at her feet and addressed her in brilliant verse; and then their famous quarrel ensued. Horace Walpole flirted with and then flouted her. The sombre portrait of Dean Swift glowers out of one corner of her correspondence, and she indulges in bitter railery over his conduct. Bishop Burnet was her teacher. She despises—and eagerly reads—Richardson, 'sobbing over his works in a most scandalous manner.' Of Bolingbroke she knew the philosophy rather than the man, and she liked neither. Dr. Johnson she censures for treading in beaten tracks and giving the misnomer *Rambler* to his ramblings. She liked Smollett, 'who disgraced his talent by writing those stupid romances commonly called history.' A venison pasty or a flask of champagne made delightful Henry Fielding forgot everything—even himself; for after the death of his wife he married her cook-maid. Tom Jones and Mr. Booth are, in this vivacious critic's opinion, both sorry scoundrels, and Fielding himself was to be pitied on

\* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: *Select Passages from her Letters.* Edited by A. R. Ropes. \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons

entering life with no choice but, as he said himself, 'to be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman.' She thanked God because she loved novels and novel-reading, and revelled in what her daughter called 'trash.'

The volubility of her defense of 'penny dreadfuls' and 'shilling shockers' recalls Mme. de Sévigné, whose letters she said hers would one day rival. Her coarse yet witty tirades, her vivid but sometimes indecent descriptions show a certain masculinity of mind which stood her in good stead in her long and lonely wanderings on the Continent. She and her husband lived charmingly—apart, 'grass-widowing' here and there and defying ordinary conventionalities. In Turkey, when he was ambassador there, she penetrated into the veiled life of the harem, and from Turkey dates her chief exploit—the introduction of the Turkish method of inoculation for small-pox into Europe. She was unwearied in her efforts to educate her grandchildren, and had many wise thoughts on the training of women. From her old Italian palace at Lovere she sends sparkling letters home, which have never been surpassed for point. At length she dies (a hundred and thirty years ago), in a little house in Hanover Square, leaving behind a reputation for vigorous and entrancing conversation, beauty and beautiful eyes (disfigured by loss of the eye-lashes in small-pox), eccentricity, and a wit like nitric acid. Mr. Ropes's volume is highly entertaining, and something more than 'Wortley's eyes' or epigrams figures in it.

#### "The Soft Porcelain of Sévres."

'THE SOFT PORCELAIN of Sévres,' with its decorations by Chauveau, Aloncle, Taillandier, Binet and other painters, restored to fame mainly by the writings of the Goncourts, are the subject of an interesting essay by Edouard Garnier, printed (in English), along with half a hundred colored plates, in a large and handsomely-bound volume. The specimens selected for illustration are in the collections of the Marquis de Vogüé, Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, M. L. Berthet and other well-known amateurs. They range from the reign of Du Barry to the Revolution, and include examples of the 'porcelain au Dauphin'; basins and ewers decorated in camaieu; parti-colored pieces; porcelain with raised enamels, and many other varieties. It is hardly necessary to say that this 'soft porcelain' is not true porcelain, but a composite imitation of the Dresden ware, made, as de Goncourt says, of 'a little of everything, including some shavings of soap.' It is prized for the beauty of its decoration as much as for its imitable quality of texture. The manufacture was abandoned in 1800, owing to the discovery of the modern, hard-paste variety, and good pieces of the old ware are now much sought after, and are often counterfeited. M. Garnier gives a list of marks and monograms and several useful indications by which the true old Sévres may be distinguished.

Of the plates we cannot speak too highly. A vase with 'œil de perdrix' ground—that is to say, dots of gold, surrounded by circles of smaller dots, applied all over a dark blue—and further ornamented with wreaths in raised gold and a medallion of flowers must have tasked the printer's skill to the utmost to secure the accuracy of registering that was necessary. Another vase is 'bercisé'—that is, dashed with gold of two colors, with a medallion in grey camaieu. A set of five vases has rococo designs in white and gold on pink, and small sprays of flowers painted by Taillandier. In a large potpourri vase, of 'ship' form, the flowers are on a black background. A jardinière in the collection of M. de Vogüé has rustic scenes painted by Viellard. A tray in the possession of M. Fournier has wreaths and sprays of roses bound with blue ribbon, painted by Binet. A flagrant imitation of a Chinese 'imperial yellow' plate, with birds and scattered sprays in many colors; a cup with sprays of plum blossoms in relief and gilded; and a white vase, with twisted

handles and flowers in high relief, show the influence of Oriental ideas, which, however, is nowhere so marked as one might expect. Pompeian influence is much more evident in the majority of the pieces, as in a large, blue vase with figures of animals, belonging to Queen Victoria; in another, with sirens for handles, belonging to Sir Richard Wallace; and in most of the favorite dark-blue and gold pieces. The volume is, indeed, a store-house of neo-classic ornament—wreathes, festoons, cupids, flowers, gods and goddesses, frets and acanthus leaves. The most wonderful piece in the book is the inkstand given to Marie Antoinette by Louis XV., now owned by Sir Richard Wallace, with ink-bottles in the shape of an imperial crown and the celestial and terrestrial globes.

#### "The Witch of Prague" \*

'THE WITCH OF PRAGUE,' by F. Marion Crawford, recalls the fact that it is the proud distinction of the author of this 'fantastic tale' to be also the author of 'Mr. Isaacs.' It has been thought, perhaps without sufficient justification, that Mr. Crawford had repented him of his past sins, and it was tacitly understood that he was never again to *hoodoo* a trusting public. From present appearances—that is, from the appearance of the present volume—his contrition is like that of the inconsequential gentleman who declared that if he had said anything he was sorry for, he was glad of it. While his mind is in this condition, it becomes a duty to say that 'The Witch of Prague' has all of the supernatural faults of 'Mr. Isaacs,' without the constant action and the occasional surprises which went to make up the biography of that Oriental humbug. The 'Witch' is likewise a person of occult pretensions (the stage is set throughout for the cave scene in 'The Black Crook'); the accomplice of the occult lady is a gnome-like gentleman, with the make-up of Kris Kringle and the morals of Mephistopheles. The main subject of experimentation is an old man who is embalmed alive in the expectation that the fountain of eternal youth lies in that direction. The effort to sustain life by taking blood from a young and living body is similar to that which Gautier has described with such marvellous fancy in 'La Morte Amoureuse,' save that to compass the result which Gautier obtained by a few drops, Mr. Crawford requires a system of supply that works something like a circulating boiler. Incidentally such matters as clairvoyance, and mesmerism are thrown in to enlighten the gloom of an otherwise pointless narrative. To borrow somewhat of the author's method, confining ourselves, however, to one letter in the dictionary, we may say that the theme is hypnosis, the treatment hypnotic, the characters hypochondriacs and the effect upon the reader decidedly Hippocratic. It may be all right to work up current medical topics into novels that are to have their day before the medical theory explodes; but if it is, Mr. Crawford had better hurry home before the richest of fields is occupied. For without disparagement of the possibilities of Brown Sequard's elixir in the case of centenarian heroes, or of Koch's consumption cure for declining heroines, we foresee in the bi-chloride of gold treatment ethical and realistic climaxes which in the hands of (let us say) Mr. W. D. Howells would be far and away superior to anything that the apostles of 'modernity' have yet given us.

#### Recent Fiction

'WITH EDGE TOOLS' has its scene laid partly in New York and partly in Chicago. The hero of the story is desperately in love with a woman who not only refuses to listen to him but turns his love to ridicule. She marries some one else, but it amuses her to have an elegant, dashing fellow, such as her old lover, is at her beck and call, so she gives him enough encouragement to keep him at her side, though every now and then she still indulges her propensity for laughing at him. He cannot be revenged upon her, he loves her too much; but he determines to make up for it with

\* The Soft Porcelain of Sévres. By E. Garnier. London: John C. Nimmo.

\* The Witch of Prague. By F. Marion Crawford. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.

the rest of womankind, by laughing at them as she has at him. He goes to Chicago on business, and there meets a young married woman to whom he devotes himself. She becomes completely infatuated with him and agrees to run off with him in the absence of her husband. Just at this crisis the husband returns, a revulsion of feeling takes place in the wife, she sees her so-called lover in his true light, begins at last to appreciate the worth of the man she has married, and comes to the conclusion that she is much better off where she is. The lover, unaware of all this, renews his offer, and it is indignantly rejected. The story is by Herbert Chatfield Taylor. As an attempt to put the reader on the inside of social life in New York and Chicago, it cannot be pronounced an unqualified success. (\$1.25. A. C. McClurg & Co.)—MAX HEREFORD is ill in a hospital, and, in the silent watches of the night when the nurse is asleep and everything is quiet, he falls into a state of semi-consciousness and dreams a dream suggested by some old doggerel lines of his childhood which have come back to him as things are apt to in such circumstances. The story is called 'Max Hereford's Dream.' It is by Edna Lyall, and was suggested by Dean Plumptre's book, 'The Spirits in Prison.' It is a quaint little sketch, and being so original is more readable than most things one meets with between covers. (35 cts. John W. Lovell Co.)

'HILDEGARDE'S HOLIDAY' is a sequel to 'Queen Hildegarde,' by Laura E. Richards, and is a story for very young people. The scene opens in a hospital with Hildegarde in a state of intense excitement waiting for the doctor's verdict as to a very difficult operation he is performing on her little friend. He arrives at last and reports the operation a success, and tells Hildegarde she can take Rose off for a summer vacation. The two children leave home and make a visit to a lovely old lady who has a beautiful country place in Maine, and the story is a record of all the delightful things they did and the curious things that happened to them through the summer. (\$1.25. Estes & Lauriat.)—'AVERILL' is a story that might have been written for grown people, and yet is after all better fitted to interest children. The girl is a cripple and a most lovely character, one who draws all the younger ones around her and exercises the greatest possible influence for good over them. She is perfectly sympathetic and they come to her with all their sorrows and grievances. The years go by, they are all older, and one of them has a love-affair to confide to Averill. She is almost afraid to do so, as Averill could have had no such experience in her life and here at least the sympathy will be wanting. But she finds that, cripple as Averill is, she has had the same kind of trouble and has suffered from it. It is a sweet little story with not much to be said either for or against it. It is by Rosa Nouchette Carey. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—'A PAIR OF ORIGINALS' are two boys who have one older brother of their own and a great many step-brothers and -sisters who do not treat them very well. They take their elder brother's advice, leave home and make an appeal to their grandmother to take them in. The old lady is much amused and at the same time much pleased at the independence they show, and she writes and asks permission of their father to keep them always. Sometimes their pranks make life a burden to her, and then again their good traits are her delight. It is a clever little story written by E. Ward. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)

#### Minor Notices

'EVOLUTION IN SCIENCE, Philosophy and Art' is the title of the last series of lectures before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. The lectures are mostly by the same men that have addressed the Association in previous years, and embrace a variety of topics in the evolutionary philosophy, but more especially the evolution of the physical sciences and the fine arts. They are almost wholly uncritical, the authors, with few exceptions, contenting themselves with simply setting forth the views of Darwin and Spencer. They are written in the same popular style that characterized the previous volumes of lectures before the same Association; but, so far as we can see, they add little or nothing to what those volumes contained. The papers relating to the history of the fine arts are indeed new; but, unfortunately, they constitute one of the weakest parts of the book, being superficial and wholly unsatisfactory. The discussions that followed the lectures at the Association's meetings, and which are here reported in brief, showed, as in previous years, the division of opinion among evolutionists on the fundamental question of spiritualism against materialism, some of the speakers advocating a philosophical theism, and others the rankest atheism and materialism. The leading exponent of the latter view was Mr. Thaddeus B. Wakeman, who alluded to God as a 'spook.' Attempts were also made by some of the lecturers to show that Herbert Spencer is not a materialist, and Dr. Janes, the President of the Association, read an angry letter from Spencer himself, in

which he repels the imputation of materialism, affirming that his views on this question have been misunderstood. The volume will add little to the reputation of the lecturers or of the Association that listened to them. The most enjoyable and stimulating of the addresses is that in which 'Life as a Fine Art' is treated of by Prof. Lewis G. Janes. In the pamphlet form in which these papers are issued separately, at ten cents each, this one should have a wide circulation. (\$2. D. Appleton & Co.)

AN ELEGANT EDITION of Thackeray's 'Four Georges' has been issued in quarto form, with exuberant margins, and illustrated with portraits of the Georges and the Princess Caroline, and appropriate headbands and tailpieces. Altogether it surpasses any former American reprint of these delightful papers; and we do not know of any English edition that can challenge comparison with it. The writer of this brief notice remembers well the delivery of the lectures by the author in this country, as well as those on the 'English Humorists'; and they will ever be associated with his personal presence and sympathetic voice, equally expressive in the humor and the pathos of the discourses. It seemed as if it were a free-and-easy conversation between the lecturer and the individual listener. The closing paragraph of the third lecture especially lingers in the memory:—'O brothers, speaking the same dear mother tongue! O comrades, enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse and call a truce to battle! \* \* \* Hush, Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march! Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!' We understood then what the French mean by *larmes dans la voix*. (\$3. Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent.)

'BY BOAT AND RAIL,' by J. R. Everhart, M.D., compresses the history of a vast amount of travel into some 230 pages of large type. The writer goes to England, France, Spain, Algiers, Italy, Austria, Germany, Switzerland, back to England, then to Ireland, home to this country, across the continent to California, back again and through the British Provinces, then to Alaska, next to Florida, the Bahamas, Cuba, Mexico, South America, and home by way of Bermuda. London gets half a dozen pages, in which we are informed that St. Paul's is a 'Gothic edifice covering over two acres of ground.' Scott's monument at Edinburgh had already been described as 'built like a steeple resting upon the ground.' The architectural information is of this type throughout. Florence is disposed of in less than two pages, and Rome in about four. Of St. Peter's we learn that 'the vaulted dome is ornamented with gilded decorations,' and the like. He 'saw cows in the Forum,' which would indicate that his visit to the place was made many years ago; but we suspect that the statement is due to a muddled remembrance of the fact that in the middle ages the place was called the *Campo Vaccino* on account of the cattle herded there. In the Vatican there are 'three Murellos [sic] which are as beautiful and true as paintings can be made'—a fair sample of the art criticism in the book. Among the 'ancient cities' near Rome, 'the villa of Adriana' is mentioned—which illustrates the author's historical and classical knowledge. There is plenty of this comical matter in the book. (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—'THE GLORY OF THE IMPERFECT,' Prof. G. H. Palmer's capital address at the Commencement of the Woman's College of Western Reserve University, last year, has been printed in neat pamphlet form. It well deserves the wider publicity thus secured for it. (25 cts. D. C. Heath & Co.)

'DOD'S PEERAGE, Baronetage and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland' for 1892 contains the usual lists of officers at arms, peers, peeresses, Privy Councillors, and so forth; a long essay on 'Precedence,' courtly, clerical, judicial, naval, and military; illustrations of the crown jewels and the regalia of the several knightly orders; lists of 'courtesy titles'; formal modes of addressing letters, and other such matters of more or less interest to everybody who has anything to do with the English titled classes. The notices affixed to most of the names included in the volume are about as full as they would be in a biographical dictionary, and there is a good deal of information about the origin of certain titles and the history of titled houses. The volume is of convenient size; indeed, it is actually small, though it contains 976 pages, of two columns each. The matter is admirably condensed and printed in type necessarily small but easily readable. As this is the fifty-second year of its publication, it may claim, itself, to be one of the established institutions of Great Britain. (\$3.75. Macmillan & Co.)

—THE AUTHOR OF 'PETER, a Cat of One Tail,' has found another subject in 'Teufel,' a terrier who well deserves his name. Teufel belongs to an artist, Mr. J. Yates Carrington, who pictures him and all his misdeeds from the time when he could be held up

in the hand by the skin of his neck to the present, when, though wicked, he has found rest in a plot of chrysanthemums with his portrait displayed on an easel by way of tombstone and epitaph. Incidentally, we are shown the exterior of the Dogs' Hospital at Wandsworth Road near Ludgate Hill, and we are treated to many instantaneous photographs of Teufel at tea, by the sad sea waves, begging, barking, fighting, and catching rats; and have ocular evidence of the cruelty to animals that is practised in an animal painter's studio. (75 cts. G. P. Putnam's Sons).

#### Magazine Notes

THE third and final instalment of Hawthorne's letters to Mr. Horatio Bridge is given in the March *Harper's*. The letters refer for the most part to business and private affairs and are of interest chiefly as showing that consular appointments do not furnish the very best means of rewarding genius. Hawthorne's dislike of America as a place of residence is very plainly expressed in some of them; but he seems to have disliked still more the idea of bringing up his children to be strangers in their own country. The most striking passage is a remark on a map of negrodom, that it will take a terrible amount of trouble and expense to wash 'that sheet' white, 'and, after all, I am afraid we shall only variegate it with blood and dirt.' The second part of Mr. Poultney Bigelow's Journey 'From the Black Forest to the Black Sea' takes us past the monastery of Nielsk, the pump of Pöchlarn, and the bell-tower of Lauingen; and Mr. Millet pictures among other strange things the formidable style of wheelbarrow built out over the wheel, in use among the market-women of Regensburg. Mr. Julian Ralph 'Talking Musquash,' that is to say business, tells about Hudson's Bay affairs, and Mr. Remington pictures Indian hunters moving camp and setting a mink trap, and voyageurs telling stories around their camp-fire. 'Johnny Rawson and Chunky Peters,' a story by William McClellan, is the stiffest bit of dialect we can remember. One can tell that it is dialect by the look of the page farther off than it can be read. Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's study of 'Our Grey Squirrels' is enlivened by pretty drawings by J. Carter Beard; Mr. de Blowitz tells how Alfonso XII. was proclaimed King of Spain; Mr. Walter Besant brings his history of London to an end with the reign of George II.; and Mr. Howells, in departing from the Editor's Study, says soft things of its successor and of the incumbent of the Easy Chair.

From Mr. Gladstone's second article on 'The Olympian Religion' in *The North American Review* for March it is evident that the series is to be in the nature of a development of his chapters on 'Homer as Nation-maker' and 'Homer as Religion-Maker' in 'Landmarks of Homeric Study.' No new ideas are, so far, indicated, but he lays greater emphasis on the plastic nature of the materials with which the author of the poems had to work. He is probably wrong in saying that no emblems of popular domestic worship remain to us, for a considerable class of terra-cottas, both plaques and reliques, are held to be of that class. There is in our Metropolitan Museum a rude group of Pan and the Nymphs which might have decorated the house of Eumaios. 'Do We Live Too Fast?' asks Dr. Cyrus Edson; and it appears he is very sure that we do. We do too much work, brain work especially; we eat too much nitrogenous food; take too much stimulants; our amusements are too exciting. Hence even those of us that begin with a good constitution break down early, our children at a still earlier age, and nervous maladies abound. Within thirty years we have trebled our wealth, *per capita*, but at the cost of a great waste of bodily vigor. 'The American race has run too much to brain.' The worst of it is that our physicians are like the rest of us. To secure immediate results and enable their patients to go on with their work when they should be resting, they treat the symptoms, not the disease. He prescribes exercise and fresh air, and would, if he could, proscribe the newspaper. 'It devours a large part of our nervous force,—it is a fact that a portion of the strength that we derive from our breakfast is expended while reading the morning paper.' There is a readable descriptive article on 'The Highlands of Jamaica,' by Lady Blake; the Belgian Minister gives an account of 'The Anti-Slavery Conference'; and Director-General George R. Davis tells how the 'World's Columbian Exposition' is getting along.

In the March *Atlantic* Mr. George Herbert Palmer has some words of warning on the educational question of the hour. His 'Doubts about University Extension' are of three sorts: whether the movement is greatly needed here, whether physical conditions are not too much against it, and whether a sufficient corps of trained teachers can be obtained to carry it on. In England the movement is almost alone in offering any sort of higher education to people who have not the leisure or the means to enter a university. Here, not only are there distinct libraries, cheap scientific

and educational periodicals, popular lectures and Chautauqua, but most of our colleges offer elective studies and are open to poor as well as rich. England is a small, compact country, with many large towns closely connected by railroads. Here, except in the vicinity of the principal cities, an itinerant teacher would have to spend too much time and too much money in travel. Finally, in England there are always many highly trained men out of employment, while, in this country, a man who has any special knowledge is quickly snapped up by some budding university. He acknowledges, however, that there is real need for some such movement, and that, once it is established, teachers may be drawn, as they generally are in England, from the graduates of the universities. Thomas Chandler Haliburton is the subject of an article by Mr. F. Blake Crofton, who dwells on the political foresight of the author of 'Sam Slick.' Haliburton foretold Canadian Federation, the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the ship-canal now being cut across the isthmus that joins Nova Scotia to the mainland. He was also an advocate of Imperial Federation. The 'Little Children of Cybele' is an essay in natural romance, by Edith M. Thomas, who occasionally drops into poetry and often relies upon fancy in describing the ways of mice and marmots, chipmunks and hylas. An anonymous critic reviews certain recent French essays: Brunetières 'Études Critiques,' Rod's 'Stendhal' and Simon's 'La Femme du Vingtième Siècle.' Isabel F. Hapgood describes 'Harvest-tide on the Volga'; Agnes Repplier praises Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Lang's 'Blue Poetry Book' in a suggestive article on 'The Children's Poets'; and Joel Chandler Harris tells a moving tale of 'A Belle of St. Valerian.'

In the March *Lippincott's* Mr. A. E. Watrous maintains, against common report, that a newspaper man as a confidant is all that he should be. The reason is that he cannot afford to lose the good-will of his informant, whom he looks on as a source of future news. So much good news is kept out of print for that reason, that it would be easy to start a new paper in every large town on the simple plan of printing all the news. But such paper could not last, for very soon it would find no more news to print. The series of articles on athletic subjects which is running in this magazine is continued this month with one on 'Horsemanship and Polo' by Mr. Foxhall Keene. This and Mr. Harry P. Mawson's article on 'Rebuilding the Navy' are illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings. Mr. C. H. Herford gives some account of 'Ibsen's Earlier Work'—his historical dramas—and of the conditions in which they were written. Mr. Edward Fuller and Mr. James L. Ford discuss the proposed establishment of an 'Independent Theatre' in New York, meaning by that a theatre which, being supported by a limited and cultured public in the interest of the coming American drama, will be independent of the greater public. The novelette is 'A Soldier's Secret,' by Capt. Charles A. King.

#### Four Centuries of Autographs

WE HAVE RECENTLY enjoyed the privilege of examining a book which is certainly without a mate in America, if indeed it be not unmatched even in England. It is a large folio bound in Russia leather in the latter half of the last century, unornamented, and stamped on the back with only the word 'Manuscripts.' But there are manuscripts and—manuscripts; and one has to open the covers of this old volume, which is beginning to show the effects of at least a century's handling, to get a hint as to the character of its contents.

The first of these modestly housed documents proves to be an indenture signed by Richard III. as Duke of Gloucester, in 1474. Then there is a letter written by Richard as King in 1485—less than three months before he was slain on Bosworth field. But these are not the earliest of the manuscripts; older still are those that bear the signatures of Henry VI. (1450) and Richard's father the Duke of York, and the letter to John Paston from the Earl of Warwick, 'Crookback's' king-making father-in-law. Here, too, is a letter from Richard's brother, Edward IV., commanding Paston to raise troops; and, next to it, a warrant signed by the Duke of Exeter, who was beggared by his brother-in-law, King Edward, and died an exile in Flanders. This is followed by a letter from Margaret, Countess of Richmond, whose son, afterwards Henry VII., was Richard's conqueror and successor on the throne. Henry himself is represented by a signet and seal, and three detached signatures.

A greater Henry—the Eighth, of uxorious memory, whose practice of putting his wives to death has somewhat damaged his reputation with everyone but Mr. Froude—is seen here in a signature to a letter; and so is Katherine of Aragon, the first of his Queens, and one of the few who lost his favor without losing their lives. The daughter of Henry and Katherine, signing (with her

Consort, Philip II. of Spain) an order to the Earl of Shrewsbury to defend her Scottish border, does not call herself 'bloody Mary, as one might wish her to, but 'Marye the quene'—an archaism little less diverting. Henry's still more famous daughter (by Anne Boleyn), 'good Queen Bess,' lives again in two or three specimens of her exquisite penmanship, one of them a letter, entirely in her own hand, addressed, when Princess, 'To my Lorde Admirall.' Appropriately following comes a large sheet, covered on both sides with well-formed characters, and signed by that ill-fated 'Marie R.' who found in her lifetime an executioner in Elizabeth, but has found a champion since in every reader of history and lover of romance.\* These precious pages were penned during the period of the Queen's imprisonment in Yorkshire; as were those also of an accompanying letter, addressed to the same correspondent, the Countess of Shrewsbury, and signed 'your most assured good frind and cousin'—the 'e' that belongs to 'friend' being rendered unto 'cousin.' The word 'friend,' by the way, seems to have been a stumbling-block in the Stuart family, for Mary's (and Darnley's) son—Scotland's sixth James and England's first—signs himself 'your most loving and assured freind.' James appears in this collection in letters written both before and after the English Crown was added to the Scotch.

A new era comes in with the name of Charles II.; for it is followed by letters, warrants, etc., bearing the portentous cognomen of Cromwell—at first with an 'O.' prefixed, but afterwards with a 'P.' appended. Then again there is a signature, in a different chirography, in which the letter 'R.' precedes the same surname; for was not Oliver's son, Richard, also Protector, for several months? Charles II. appears ten times, Katherine of Braganza twice; and James II. twice as often as Katherine; while William III. and Queen Mary, Queen Anne and her husband, Prince George of Denmark; George I., George II. and Queen Caroline, and Frederick, Prince of Wales, each display their skill in penmanship once or oftener. Then we have Elizabeth of Bohemia, daughter of Charles I. and mother of Prince Rupert; and her son, Prince Rupert himself, who made a name in art as well as in arms, and who writes in a large and becomingly bold hand to the Lord Byron of two centuries ago.

Other letters or documents bear the signatures of Ferdinando, Lord Fairfax, father to that 'Fairfax whose name in arms through Europe rings,' and ancestor of the Virginia family whose name is linked with that of Washington; George Monck, afterwards Duke of Albemarle; Sir John Fastolf, the great Duke of Marlborough, and the headstrong and ill-fated Earl of Strafford, whose lifelike portrait at Warwick Castle is familiar to American travellers. As if to keep the English Kings in countenance, the Channel has been crossed for mementoes of French and German monarchs—Henri IV., his son Louis XIII. and grandson Louis XIV. ('le Grand'); Frederick I. of Prussia and his son Frederick William I.; Frederick II., yclept 'the Great'; William, Prince of Orange, misnamed 'the Silent'; Christian V. of Denmark, and sundry German Electors and Electresses.

For good measure the book is filled out with letters or detached signatures of Sir Walter Raleigh (pronounced by Americans as if spelt Rawley), John Milton, Ben Jonson, Alexander Pope, Dr. Johnson, Joseph Addison, Isaac Newton, Isaac Watts and the renowned and martyred Bishop Latimer ('H. Latymerus'). We have by no means exhausted the list of notabilities in this extraordinary collection of 'Manuscripts,' in which one seems to see unrolled the history of four hundred crowded English years. The full title of the volume is 'Thane's Collection of Autographs from the Paston and Shrewsbury and Thoresby Archives,' the collection having been 'made by J. Thane in the second half of the Eighteenth Century.'

The possessor of this unique book owns another which admirably supplements it, bringing the royal record down to date. The more modern tome is not only richer in literary interest than its companion, but is much more gorgeously apparelled, being bound in red leather, with gilt tooling and white satin lining. Its title-page runs thus:—'Autographs, Letters and Documents, Illustrated with portraits, etc., of Sovereigns and Illustrious Personages, or Those Rendered Conspicuous and Eminent by Services, but principally of Those

Inventas aut qui vitam excolouere per artes  
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.'

Almost every letter or document is accompanied by a steel engraving of the writer—a feature that adds immensely to one's en-

\* Picturesque proof of Mary's potent hold on the imagination of posterity was afforded only last month, when, on Monday the 8th (the 30th anniversary of her death), some 350 sympathisers with the claims of the 'Stuart dynasty,' headed by the Marquis Revigny, attended a public meeting to lay floral tributes on her tomb. The deputation, according to *Galigani's Messenger*, 'was refused admission to the Abbey by the police, and after giving expression to the feeling of indignation, the Marquis hung his wreath on the railings outside the church and the crowd slowly dispersed.'

joyment in turning over the pages. In every case where a letter is written on both sides of the sheet, an opening has been made in the page of the book on which it is mounted, so that back and front may be seen with equal ease.

The first thing in the book is a pardon signed 'George R.' and dated 24 March, 1780. This is followed by autographs of George III.'s Queen Charlotte; Prince Albert, Victoria's Consort; George IV. as Prince of Wales and as King, and Queen Caroline as Princess of Wales; Leopold, King of the Belgians; Frederick, Duke of York (1800), and his Duchess; William IV. (a remission countersigned 'J. Russell') and Queen Adelaide; the Duke of Kent, and his daughter Queen Victoria, who is represented by several letters and likenesses; the Princess Victoria (now the Empress Frederick), who writes in German; the present Prince of Wales, who dates his letter Marlborough House, and asks 'My dear Francis' (in a postscript) 'How did you find the lady in Chester Street?'; Prince Augustus Frederick; Lord Nelson; the Duke of Wellington, with a little wisp of light-colored hair; Sir John Lawrence, Sir John Franklin and Sir Colin Campbell, John Howard, Lord Palmerston, Lord Stanley (afterwards Earl of Derby), Robert Peel, Daniel O'Connell, Douglas Jerrold, Humboldt, Sir John Herschel, Charles Barry, Theodore Hook, Bishop Wilberforce, the Rev. Sydney Smith, 'B. Disraeli,' John Wesley and his brother Charles, Victor Hugo, Mrs. Norton, Montgomery the hymnist, Grattan, G.P.R. James of 'solitary horsemen' fame; Washington Irving, who writes to Mr. Murray the publisher; Fenimore Cooper, Captain Marryat, Dickens, Thackeray, Layard, Harrison Ainsworth, Bulwer, Shenstone, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Anna Seward, Wordsworth, Lady Caroline Lamb, Hogg 'the Ettrick shepherd,' Sir Walter Scott, 'L.E.L.,' Talfourd, Praed, Keble, Heber, Mrs. Hemans, Tom Hood, Samuel Rogers, the Countess of Blessington, N. P. Willis, Campbell, Moore, Southey, Frederick Locker and Tennyson—one of whose sons married Mr. Locker's daughter. One of the last things in the book is a copy of 'Hohenlinden,' transcribed by T. Campbell at the desire of the eldest son of Campbell's dearly esteemed Allan Cunningham. The one of greatest interest to Americans, as Americans, is dated 'Headquarters, 15 Jan., 1780,' and signed 'George Washington.'

Yet another historical treasure preserved in the same library with the volumes described above is the following letter:

YORK, VIRGINIA, 17th Octr. 1781.

SIR:—I propose a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, and that two officers may be appointed by each side to meet at Mr. Moore's house to settle terms for the surrender of the ports of York and Gloucester. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,  
His Excellency General Washington,

CORNWALLIS.

&c. &c. &c.

This letter—one of the most interesting documents in American history—is carefully encased, with several engraved portraits of the author, in a leather portfolio; and a (stuffed) wolf, with fangs displayed, mounts guard at the door of the room in which it and the two large folios are kept.

The owner of these priceless autographs is Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who, while not a 'collector' in the technical sense of the term, enriches his library now and then with things unique or rare. The older of the two volumes of manuscripts in his possession was purchased in London last spring; the other he has had for several years.

### London Letter

CAN WE be made to read Chaucer? Can we be brought to see that it is meet, right and our bounden duty to study this great poet of England's oldest time? That is the question for anyone possessed of a pampered literary conscience, a conscience that starts up at every turn, speaks loudly in front of old bookshelves and neglected folios, and refuses to avail itself of Mr. Gosse's free permission to read such books only as do actually instruct, amuse and refresh the mind—and to let the others alone. A good many readers have let Chaucer alone for a term of years; but those who have done so, to the detriment of their conscience, have now a golden opportunity. Mr. William Calder has published, through Messrs. Blackwood, a new edition of the 'Canterbury Tales,' accompanied by a running commentary of the simplest sort. The only drawback is that such paraphraseology—if one may so speak—is not Chaucer, and is not even near enough to the rose to satisfy our minor cravings. It is, in truth, an extraordinary performance, this new Chaucer; and a single specimen may here be given to enable my readers to judge for themselves. Chaucer's lines on a certain Ladye Prioress run thus:—

And sikerly she was of gret disport  
And full pleasant and amyable of port.

When we have overcome the first difficulty to the eye engendered by curious spelling, this description is so perfectly intelligible that it is somewhat astonishing to find the new commentator interpreting the couplet:—‘She was of a somewhat sentimental nature.’ (1) Sentimental people are not usually accounted to be the most pleasant and amiable; and, on further perusal of the passage, it will be found that, in appending to the above what lawyers call a ‘rider,’ to the effect that the lady in question ‘showed no very enthusiastic desire to benefit her fellow-creatures, however she might pity a bleeding mouse,’ Mr. Calder has very decidedly exceeded his instructions. When we find a modern annotator thus inserting an imputation of which there is not the very slightest trace in the original—for Chaucer says nothing about benefiting fellow-creatures, and merely goes in for the mouse—we cannot feel any profound faith in the rest of the work. Mr. Calder may have studied his subject, and he may be actuated by a genuine desire to stimulate the present generation no longer to let their Chaucer lie idly by; but when he seeks to accomplish this end by writing *down* to us, and giving us, as it were, a Chaucer suited to our capacities, I cannot help thinking that he makes a great mistake. The few who *must*, and the fewer still who, of their own free will, *do* read the ‘Canterbury Tales,’ will, of a surety, prefer the old stony ways, albeit hard to tread, to any easy bypaths which lead to nowhere, and yield nothing in return.

A very bright and interesting work is ‘Wagner as I Knew Him,’ by Mr. Ferdinand Praeger, which comes to me from Messrs. Longmans. Truly there is no end to the books on Wagner, and it might have been thought that at last we had heard all there was to hear of that important personage. But Mr. Praeger shows us that in this we are wrong. He has a great deal to say, and he says it very well. There is a distinguishing honesty about his work which impresses the reader from the outset. We have Wagner’s weaknesses as well as his strength—his imperfections as well as his perfections. Cromwell, it is said, desired to have his portrait painted without the omission of a single wart or pimple by which his rugged countenance was disfigured; and even so might Richard Wagner have desired his friend to hand down his character to posterity, marred by all its veritable blemishes. Accordingly we have many and curious phases of that character presented to our view; we have all its petty vulgarities, its foolishness, its hankering after supposed luxuries, which were yet no real luxuries, and, worst of all, its degrading cowardice, as displayed at a critical moment of the composer’s life—a moment which might have been made sublime.

One anecdote in Mr. Praeger’s book will have an interest for young composers. At Wagner’s request, he endeavoured to negotiate the sale of ‘Tannhäuser’ in London, in the year 1847. His instructions were few and short: he was to sell at any price—or at no price. He was not to let ‘Tannhäuser’ lie fallow, come what might. If he could obtain no remuneration from any respectable firm of publishers, he was to offer them the work as a free gift, provided they would bring it out. Richard Wagner did not know the English character. Had he done so, he would have perceived that such a proposal would at once drive the last nail into the coffin of his hopes, as indeed was the case; ‘for,’ records the simple German who carried about with him the luckless opera which no one wanted, ‘although I offered “Tannhäuser” for nothing, the head of the firm could not “see his way” to bring it out!’

A delightful volume wherewith to beguile a lazy day is that just issued by Dr. Boyd of St. Andrews, the ‘A. K. H. B.’ whose papers used to be one of the principal features of *Fraser’s Magazine* in former days. ‘Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews’ is one of the best works we have yet had by the author of the ‘Recreations of a Country Parson.’ St. Andrews, which is one of the oldest and quaintest of Scottish towns, has, of late years, acquired an additional importance in the eyes of the young and athletic, from the fact that it has always been the golf capital, and that the annual golf tournament is one of its ancient institutions. Golf is now the rage everywhere, and the rugged old seaport on the Fife-shire coast has become more or less a fashionable resort. But at all times St. Andrews has had its own attractions, and drawn attention from distinguished authorities on science and literature. Its grand old University, its Cathedral, its associations and traditions made it of itself one of Scotland’s chief centres of interest, and no one could do the honors of the place with more courtesy and alacrity than the accomplished Presbyterian minister. His sympathies were cosmopolitan, and his knowledge varied and extensive. In consequence he was resorted to by all who visited St. Andrews, and his anecdotes, reminiscences and descriptions are now compiled with all the quaint charm of style which obtained for the essays in *Fraser* such widespread recognition.

Mr. Oscar Wilde’s new play is not half Oscar Wildeish enough. An ordinary, conventional, drawing-room piece, unpleasing in its

situations and absurd in its deductions, ‘Lady Windermere’s Fan’ cannot be saved from failure by any amount of piquant dialogue. The truth is, when Mr. Wilde tries to be wise, he is silly; it is only when he is deliberately silly that he is wise. He made his mark as a fool—being a clever man. He reminds us of Garrick:—

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting—  
‘Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.

The inventor of the lily and the teapot ought not to appear save on his own particular stage, and if it is worn out, he had better make his bow, for he has not yet found another to suit his style.

*The Idler* goes on well. The second number is quite as good as the first.

Mrs. Grimwood is, I hear, about to bring out in *The Albemarle Review* an article on ‘Manipur before the Revolution’; but whether it will appear before or after her next marriage is uncertain. The real authorship of the article is also a little uncertain.

Col. Grant’s sudden and lamented death adds another to the list of great men gone from our midst during the present pitiless season. The newspapers talk of his having lived principally at his country-seat in the north of Scotland, since he retired from public life; but he did nothing of the kind. He lived during a great part of every year in his fine house in Upper Grosvenor Street, where hospitality was the order of the day, and where one of the largest receptions given to Stanley on his first return from the Congo was held by the discoverer of the source of the Nile. In former days ‘Grant and Speke’ were household words in England; and though Col. James Grant, C.B., had long outlived his fellow-explorer, his tall, upright figure and active movements betrayed no signs of failing health, and he seemed as though he might have lived many years yet to do good work for his country, and to see a new continent in full working order. One day, not very long ago, I said to him the single word ‘Africa’; it dropped out, I forgot how. ‘Africa?’ He turned towards me, his fine serious face suddenly becoming illuminated as though by a glow at the name. ‘Africa? Please God we shall yet be all running up and down Africa, as we now run up and down England.’ This was the dream of his life.

That there is a strong current of public interest in the direction of the Dark Continent was sufficiently manifest the night before last, when the hall of the Royal Geographical Society was literally crammed from floor to ceiling, to hear Mr. Theodore Bent descend upon Mashonaland. Lord Randolph’s Letters may not have been the success expected, but Mashonaland is still there, and has still its own mysterious interest. Mr. Bent’s lecture, moreover, appealed to the imagination; he descended on strange, weird structures, underground labyrinths and gigantic depths, in a manner that reminded his hearers of ‘She’ and ‘King Solomon’s Mines’; and then when we were all warm and excited, he poured forth a rushing stream of information, of whose waters none could refuse to drink. Naturally, we know more to-day than we ever did before about the new country—more than we ever gathered from the pages of *The Daily Graphic*, and more, to be strictly truthful, than we had ever expected to receive at the hands of the Royal Geographical Society.

L. B. WALFORD.

### Boston Letter

Mr. HALSEY C. IVES, chief of the Department of Fine Arts of the World’s Fair, has made answer to the resolutions sent him by the Boston artists. He expresses regret that there should have been any misunderstanding in the matter of Boston’s representation and declares that no juries have yet been appointed. He expects to come to Boston soon to consult with the local artists. This apparently implies that Boston will have what it desires.

Prof. E. S. Morse’s collection of Japanese pottery has been purchased for the Art Museum, and will there remain under the charge of its former owner as curator. The price paid for it (\$76,000) was much below the offers made by Chicago and other cities, and also below that originally fixed by the Professor in case of sale to Boston. He was very desirous that this city should retain the valuable collection. At the Art Museum, yesterday, were exhibited for the first time the statues of the Hermes of Praxiteles and the Venus Genitrix as colored, after the Greek style, by Joseph C. Smith. Mr. Edward Robinson secured the casts of the statues in Europe last year.

After a delay of a year and a half, a successor to the Hon. Melville Chamberlain, as Librarian of the Boston Public Library, has been appointed, and Boston people are inclined to look with considerable favor upon the newcomer, although he is known personally to but a few. A native of New York, and now in his forty-sixth year, Theodore E. Dwight, although in early life an employee in a banking-house in San Francisco, has always been a lover and col-

lector of books. After he returned East, he entered a publishing-house in New York and then became the secretary and librarian of the historian, George Bancroft. So efficient did he show himself in this line of work, that before long he was made Librarian of the State Department Library, at Washington, and there remained for thirteen years with the assurance from leaders of both political parties of a longer term of service if he desired. He gave up that office when the Adams family offered him the charge of the family archives at Quincy. Mr. Dwight was sent to Europe by the Government to arrange the Franklin papers which the United States desired to purchase, and his care of the Washington, Monroe and other collections at Washington has been noted by those who follow closely these matters. He is said to be a scholarly and refined gentleman and a very industrious worker.

In a recent letter I alluded to the Rev. Dr. W. J. Tucker's having been chosen Phi Beta Kappa orator at Harvard for the coming Commencement, and spoke also of his having been offered the Presidency of Dartmouth before Dr. Bartlett was chosen. Now comes the announcement that he is again offered the place and will probably accept. The Dartmouth alumni have received the news with great enthusiasm; they regard Prof. Tucker not only as an eminent scholar and an excellent teacher but also as a liberal and progressive man, who will bring the New Hampshire college out of the ruts into which it has fallen. He is fifty-two years old now and was graduated at Dartmouth in the year the war began. Afterwards he taught for a year or two and then passed through Andover Theological Seminary. His pastorates were at Manchester, N. H., and at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York. The latter pulpit he left in 1880 to become Professor of Homiletics at the Andover Theological Seminary and there both as a writer in *The Andover Review* and as a teacher, he increased his fame. He was one of the five professors prosecuted on the charge of heterodoxy, but the Board of Visitors found the charge not sustained.

Harvard's President started last week for an extended tour through the West, where he will, without doubt, be greeted with warm appreciation by thousands of the alumni who admire his efficient administration. The fact that he can leave the College for so long a trip in the very busiest time of the collegiate year illustrates the perfection of the system which he has built up at Cambridge. There is an interesting point in the presidency of Dr. Eliot which has not been noticed, and which, I think, when brought to the attention of President Eliot himself, will pleasantly surprise him. The end of the present year will show a longer term of service for him in the office which he now occupies than that of any predecessor since the college was founded, with the exception of one, Edward Holyoke, who was President for nearly thirty-two years in the middle part of the last century. Of all other presidents since 1640 but one even approaches close to President Eliot, and the service of that one, Joseph Willard (1781-1804) was 22 years and 9 months, almost exactly the same length of service which President Eliot, at the present writing, enjoys, he having taken charge of the college May 19, 1869.

The popularity of Mrs. D. Lothrop (Margaret Sidney) is very well illustrated by the demand for her third volume in the Little Peppers Series. It was originally planned to publish 5000 copies of the first edition, but so many orders have come in that now, a month before its publication, 10,000 copies of 'Five Little Peppers Grown Up' have been decided to be necessary. The D. Lothrop Co. is also to publish this spring a new book in the Pine Cone Series, by Willis Boyd Allen, entitled 'Gulf and Glacier; or, The Percivals in Alaska'; a talk with girls entitled 'Looking out on Life,' by the Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., well-known in Christian endeavor work; 'Marjorie's Canadian Winter,' by Agnes M. Macher; and 'Men and Events of Forty Years,' by the late J. Busnell Grinnell. Miss Macher is a very popular Canadian writer and one of the authors of 'Stories of New France.' Her new book is partly historical and partly narrative. Living on one of the Thousand Isles in the St. Lawrence, she may be called a veritable princess, since she owns and rules the tight little island of Gananoque. Her mental vigor is equalled by her physical, and many an interesting story her friends tell of her feats with the oar, for she is very fond of rowing on the broad St. Lawrence. Miss Macher, by the way, is a relative of Grant Allen's family. The book by Mr. Grinnell is an autobiographical reminiscence describing men and things in a very free manner. Mr. Grinnell resided in the town of Grinnell, Iowa, named after him, and was also closely associated with Grinnell's University. He hoped to see his book in print, but death came last March, and so the work has been finished by Prof. Henry W. Parker, D.D., and has been forwarded by Mr. Grinnell's son-in-law, the Rev. David O. Mears of Worcester, author of the 'Deathless Book.'

BOSTON, March 8, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### The Lounger

LORD TENNYSON'S 'The Foresters: Robin Hood and Maid Marian' will be published by Macmillan & Co. on March 27. The play will be produced at Daly's Theatre on the 17th inst. Besides the dialogue there are a number of songs scattered through the text, for which Sir Arthur Sullivan has written, so I am told, some of his most characteristic music. Lord Tennyson wrote this play originally for Miss Mary Anderson, but when she became Mrs. Antonio Navarro and retired from the stage, she was obliged to forego its production. It is an ill wind that blows no man good, and the play soon fluttered into the lap of Miss Ada Rehan. In London it will be performed by Mr. Irving's company at the Lyceum Theatre. It is a question whether Lord Tennyson can write a good acting play. 'The Cup' was only a *succès d'estime*, but that is no reason why 'The Foresters' should not be a more substantial success. Certainly it will have, as 'The Cup' did, all the advantages of good acting and fine mounting.

AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT in Chicago sends us a string of verses from some local newspaper which speaks ill for the proof-readers of the second city in the Union. The lines are entitled 'A Word with Kipling,' and begin with the question,

Dazzling cornet of the season !  
Has your light then failed at last ?

Later on, the versifier reminds the Wizard of Simla that

Rockets to the slime surrender  
Sticks, that fain'd scald the sky.

Better half an inch of Kipling than a mile of stuff like this.

A RATHER AMUSING 'Ballad of R. K.'s Relatives' in last Sunday's *Tribune* told how the 'dashing Rudyard Kipling'

came from out the East,

With his wildly weird and wondrous tales of man and bird and beast, and commanded the homage of the whole world of readers. So great became his vogue that it sufficed to float the books of a host of his relatives, the public finding time to read the productions of 'two nephews and a niece, four uncles and two grandmamas,' etc., while waiting for 'new ones by Rud.' and 'further ones by Kip.' All this was borne with patience; but the American public was fairly appalled by the announcement that the brilliant young author was about to be married.

For there uprose a frightful vision before our trembling sight  
Of the time so swiftly coming when her family'd start to write;  
Yes, strong men bowed the whitened head, their frames with feeling  
shook

At the thought of Kipling's spouse's uncle's cousin's daughter's book !

Oh, Kipling, you who came up from the mystic, marv'lous East,

Call off those blessed relatives that ever on us feast !

Oh, stay their all-too-ready pens that we may still find time

To read thy weirdly wondrous tales and con thy witching rhyme !

AS A MATTER OF FACT, Mrs. Rudyard Kipling's family (one member of it, at least) was writing before Mr. Kipling's career began; and so far from any one's blanching at the prospect of the Balestiers' going in for literature, the recent death of Mrs. Kipling's brother, Mr. Wolcott Balestier, is believed by good judges to have been a severe loss to American fiction. Moreover, the book on animal life in India by the elder Mr. Kipling proves to have had a much stronger claim to attention than the author's relationship to his son. One of the poems in Mr. Kipling's new book is dedicated to 'C. K.'—his young wife. It is said that Gen. Booth and Mr. Kipling had many talks together on shipboard recently; and an English critic hopes that Mr. Kipling will 'work up the General for literary purposes.'

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION at 415 West 59th Street, though 'intended to be a useful auxiliary to the Catholic reading public,' publishes a list of books for the young which seems to have been made up without any regard to the religious opinions of the authors, the name of Jules Verne heading it for quite other reasons than his adherence to the Roman Catholic faith. The novel thing about the plan of reading by members of the Union, is the invitation extended to the young to write and send in notices of the books they read. Specimen notices are given from the pen of a boy of about fourteen, who has been reading at the School Library under the supervision of the Paulist Fathers, where the plan has been tested. The brief reviews are by no means unintelligent, and the youngster's sense of humor is shown by his reference to Mr. Stockton's 'A Jolly Fellowship' as a story that is 'told in such a dry way, you would have to laugh at it if you had lost a five-dollar bill.' Another author

beloved of this boy is Noah Brooks, and another book that delights his soul is 'Hans Brinker.' But if he has got to earn his living in the world, the sooner he quits book-reviewing the better. There is 'nothing in it' for any one without an assured income from some other source.

SOME TIME AGO a bright little boy attending Public School No. 87 conceived the idea of starting a library in the school, and to the carrying out of his plans intended to devote all his savings. He talked about the thing and worked for it, and soon had in bank \$314.06. He was a delicate boy, however, and died last January. Master Freddie's father, Mr. Walter J. Peck, of 123 West 73d Street, determined that his son's wish should be carried out, and added \$250 to the sum, which was placed in the hands of Principal Boyer. Others in the neighborhood heard of the project, and soon the fund amounted to \$1356. Mr. Peck said he would contribute more money if necessary. The library will be placed in the fourth story of the building. It ought to bear the name of the far-seeing lad who brought it into being.

AN EPITHALAMIUM by telegraph is something new and strange, and typically *fin de siècle*, and one would think of Chicago or some other progressive Western city as the likeliest scene of such an innovation. Yet the wedding that has been celebrated in this unwonted way occurred, not in Chicago nor Minneapolis nor Tacoma, but in Provence, at Avignon! Mlle. Thérèse Roumanille was married in January to M. Jules Boissière, the marriage being celebrated 'en grande pompe.' One of the witnesses for the bride was M. Félix Gras, her father's successor as Capoulié of the Félibrige; and it was he who read, at the wedding-breakfast, the epithalamium that came by telegraph from M. Sextius Michel, President of the Société des Félibres and Mayor of the Fifteenth Arrondissement of Paris. The bride's husband is the French Vice-Resident in Tonkin, and the happy couple has already sailed for that country on a Government transport. Like the bride's father, he too is a poet. Readers of *The Critic* probably remember the interesting account of M. Roumanille's death translated from *L'Aïdi* by Mrs. Thomas A. Janvier and printed in these columns on June 27, 1891. M. Henri Fouquier, who succeeded the late Albert Wolff as *Figaro*'s dramatic critic, is one of the Félibres.

A CHICAGO CLIENT OF *The Critic* sends me a clipping from the *Globe* of that city which bears out everything Eugene Field has said or sung of the firmness with which Culture has planted her well-booted foot on the slender crust of more or less solid ground that intervenes between the sidewalks of the Windy City and the bottomless pit of mud beneath them. It contains a string of verses entitled 'The Bells of the Board of Trade,' the headline and the first stanza being separated by the following editorial announcement:—'This poem originally appeared in the *Daily Globe*, Oct. 20. The demand for papers soon exhausted the edition. At the request of many readers the verses are republished.' This is cautiously worded, but the implication is clear that the poem sold the paper. Our 'client' exclaims:—'I never heard before of a poem exhausting the first edition of a newspaper, either in New York, Chicago, or even London. It is unprecedented, unheard of.'

TRUE; BUT THEN no other first edition ever contained 'The Bells of the Board of Trade.' Poe has rung the changes on bells innumerable; the bells of Shandon that sound so grand have been sung (in fine doggerel) by an Irish bard; and curfew has tolled the knell of parting day in one poem and been prevented from ringing to-night in another. But the Bells of the Board of Trade! Well, this is an age of realism, though not of realism only; for Truthful James (the author of this edition-selling lyric) finds poetry and music surging audibly in these prosaic bells, and has even been reminded by them of Browning's rapture-recapturing wise thrush. I can quote only the first, fifth and twelfth of his fifteen stanzas:

Bells of Romance! How oft I've heard you calling  
The hours of weal—of woe,  
Your mellow music o'er Chicago falling  
In one harmonious flow.  
  
A sentinel, you bravely hold your station,  
You curb the hurrying hours,  
The feverish tide of frenzied speculation  
Sweeps on, beneath your towers.  
  
Ring on! oh, bells, and bravely voice the rapture  
That surges in your breast.  
The first fine frenzy of your youth recapture  
And thrill the mighty West.

### Lowell's Last Poem

IN SOME of his latest poems, evidence was not wanting of Mr. Lowell's inability to reach his own old standard of excellence. It is otherwise with the fine verses 'On a Bust of General Grant,' which dignify *Scribner's Magazine* for March, rightly holding there the place of honor. 'This poem,' says Prof. Norton, 'is the last, so far as is known, written by Mr. Lowell. He laid it aside for revision, leaving two of the verses incomplete.' We quote the second, fifth and last of the six stanzas:

A face all prose, where Time's [benignant] haze  
Softens no raw edge yet, nor makes all fair  
With the beguiling light of vanished days ;  
This is relentless granite, bleak and bare,  
Rough-hewn and scornful of aesthetic phrase ;  
Nothing is here for fancy, naught for dreams,  
The Present's hard, uncompromising light  
Accents all vulgar outlines, flaws, and seams,  
Yet vindicates some pristine natural right  
O'ertopping that hereditary grace  
Which marks the gain or loss of some time-fondled race.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nothing ideal, a plain-people's man  
At the first glance, a more deliberate ken  
Finds type primæval theirs in whose veins ran  
Such blood as quelled the dragon in his den,  
Made harmless fields and better worlds began :  
He came grim-silent, saw and did the deed  
That was to do ; and in his master-grip  
Our sword flashed joy ; no skill of words could breed  
Such sure conviction as that close-clamped lip ;  
He slew our dragon, nor, so seemed it, knew  
He had done more than any simplest man might do.

Yet did this man, war-tempered, stern as steel  
Where steel opposed, prove soft in civil sway ;  
The hand hilt-hardened had lost tact to feel  
The world's base coin, and glozing knaves made prey  
Of him and of the entrusted Commonweal ;  
So Truth insists and will not be denied.  
We turn our eyes away, and so will Fame,  
As if in his last battle he had died  
Victor for us and spotless of all blame,  
Doer of hopeless tasks which praters shirk,  
One of those still plain men that do the world's rough work.

### International Copyright

#### UNSATISFACTORY WORKING OF THE LAW IN FRANCE

[*The New York Tribune*]

PARIS, March 5.—A year's experience of the American International Copyright law has proved rather disappointing to French authors and publishers. Armand Templier, of Hachette & Co.; Georges Charpentier, Eugène Plon and Paul Delalain, four of the leading publishers of Paris, say the law has not produced the good effects expected. Paul Calmann-Levy, another well-known publisher, said:—'The law is of too recent date for French authors and publishers to be able thoroughly to appreciate its advantages or discover its defects. We are not yet sufficiently familiar with the details of its application to judge it by experience or to obtain from it all the good it may have in store for us. In the meantime we can only look forward to its yielding advantageous results in the future and express our satisfaction that literary property was at last recognized in the United States.' Felix Aloa, publisher of scientific works, said:—'Up to the present the law has not produced any practical results, so far as I am concerned; but the measure has been in operation too short a time for me to say what may be expected from it.'

Count de Kératry's part in bringing about the passage of the law is well remembered in America. He is now here, and was asked his views on the subject. The Count said:—'The "manufacture clause" in the law prevents my country from getting any benefit from it. It is perfectly natural that the United States should want to protect home printing interests against English publishers; but in France, the language being different, our publishers can do nothing to hurt American printers. This "manufacture clause" has raised up a Chinese wall which prevents literary and artistic intercourse between France and the United States. To secure to Americans the printing of perhaps thirty books per annum, it kills copyright on innumerable works. Only

two French writers have sold American copyrights under the new law, and one of them is M. Zola. But he has had such difficulty in getting the manuscript finished in time for the American edition to be copyrighted before publication began here that he declares he will never again undertake to do the same thing at any price. So far as French novels are concerned, the new law has done nothing more nor less than to legalize literary piracy. And this is true also of plays. I have written to the American friends of International Copyright begging them to have this "manufacture clause" modified.

#### THE COPYRIGHT TREATY IN GERMANY

THE Reichstag has passed the copyright treaty with the United States to a third reading.

### The Fine Arts

#### Art Notes

THE oil-paintings by Mr. Lockwood de Forest at the Avery gallery are about equally divided between East and West, Egypt and America. A view of the interior of the ruins at Philæ, several scenes in and about Cairo and a view of the marble terraces and gilded domes of the palace at Agra, India, are full of Oriental light and color; while a breezy little view of headlands and sea at Montauk and views at Cold Spring Harbor and in the Adirondacks show that the artist is alive to the beauties of Occidental scenery.

—The Tiffany Glass Co. has become the Tiffany Glass and Decorative Co., with a paid-up capital of \$400,000.

—*The Art Amateur* for March deals very largely, both in text and illustrations, with the Herkomer School. Excellent examples are given of the work of Prof. Hubert Herkomer's pupils.

—The Robert L. Cutting collection of paintings is on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, where it will soon be sold.

—Notable plates in the March number of *Sun and Shade* are the portraits of Walt Whitman and Walter Shirlaw, both from photographs by G. C. Cox, and the reproduction by the New York Photogravure Co. of a fine painting by Mr. Shirlaw, entitled 'Psyche.' Of the two portraits we prefer the Shirlaw to the Whitman.

#### Notes

WE SHALL print next week some further notes and communications on 'The Absence of the Creative Faculty in Woman.' The discussion of the subject in these columns will then be closed.

—Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, 9 East 22d Street, has two interesting autograph letters from Count Tolstot, chiefly in English but partly in Russian, which she is desirous of selling for the benefit of the Tolstot Fund for the relief of the novelist's starving countrymen. Bids will be received till March 20. The fund amounted on March 7 to \$3246.33.

—Mr. F. Anstey (Guthrie) author of 'Vice Versa' and 'Voices Populi,' is going to reprint from *Punch* 'The Traveling Companions: A Story in Scenes.' The volume will be illustrated, and will be published by Messrs. Longman.

—Mr. Harold Frederic, the London correspondent of the *New York Times*, will shortly issue two new books. One of these, now finished, is 'The Lady of Muirisc,' a humorous Irish romance, written for serial issue on both sides of the Atlantic. The other is a book on the Russian Jews, the gist of which has already appeared in his letters to the *Times*. Mr. Frederic passed the whole of last summer in wandering through Russia.

—*Two Tales*, the new Boston weekly, has a rubricated title and is well printed on pages of a convenient size. The 'two tales' of the first number are 'Juliza,' by Mary E. Wilkins, and 'Halifax Borough,' by A. C. Gordon. Of the significance of the former title, our Boston correspondent has already had something to say.

—Mrs. Richmond Ritchie has written a volume of literary portraits of Lord Tennyson, Mr. Ruskin and Mr. and Mrs. Browning, which will be published by Macmillan & Co. under the title of 'The Light-Bearers.' Besides this, Messrs. Macmillan will shortly issue 'The Marriage of Elinor,' by Mrs. Oliphant; 'The Three Fates,' by Marion Crawford; a novel dealing mainly with Anglo-Indian life, entitled 'Helen Trevelyan; or, The Ruling Race,' by John Roy, a new writer; and 'The Story of Dick,' a study of country life in the west of England, by Major E. Gambier Perry.

—Brentano's will publish this month 'Abroad and at Home: Practical Hints for Tourists,' by Mr. Morris Phillips of *The Home Journal*.

—The London *Chronicle* says that M. Guy de Maupassant is much improved in health. He writes for about an hour daily. The

physicians who are attending him are hopeful that he will be able to take a sea trip in the spring, and that it will have a good effect on his mind.

—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett arrived from Europe on Wednesday.

—*Current Literature*, under its new editorship, has a new cover designed by George Wharton Edwards. The piratical-looking craft, with its black sails and flag, seems less appropriate in these days of international copyright than it would have appeared a year ago; but the design is none the less effective for that reason, from a pictorial point of view.

—The right to issue an English translation of the *Memoirs of the Baron de Marbot* has been acquired from the Baron's representatives by Longmans, Green & Co., who will publish the work immediately, both here and in London.

—The Cassell Pub. Co. announces 'Lumen,' by Camille Flammarion; 'Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Lennox,' author unnamed; 'By a Himalayan Lake,' by an Idle Exile; and 'A Human Document,' a love-story by W. H. Mallock, suggested by Marie Bashkirtseff's 'Journal.'

—Dr. Bradshaw, editor of *Gray and Milton*, has just edited 'Chesterfield's Letters' for a London house. The three volumes will contain some hitherto unpublished letters of Chesterfield's, and a letter from Lord Charlemont to Lord Bruce in 1777, containing a criticism of the 'Letters,' the story of their first publication, and some anecdotes of Philip Stanhope. Dr. Bradshaw, who is Inspector of Schools at Madras, is now visiting Dublin, on leave. To a correspondent in New York he writes, referring to one of his publications:—'I am sorry to say that by a mistake of the printers, line 57 of the "Progress of Poetry" (page 16) has been omitted.' The line is, 'To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.'

—The estate of the late Lord Lytton, valued at \$376,000, is entailed. Two-thirds of the income go to the widow during her life, together with all copyrights of published and unpublished writings; and she is requested to obtain the assistance of a statesman or of a writer of integrity to prepare a complete record of the Earl's Indian administration from his records. The will further decrees that

As there exist in the hands of persons unrestrained by a sense of honor or decency certain letters which the testator believes to be garbled and statements which he knows to be wicked and cruel falsehoods, relative to the domestic life of his parents, and whereas there is no impudent misstatement or baseless imputation which biographers are incapable of adopting in pursuit of sensational novelties about the private lives of eminent persons, the testator's widow shall collect and seal all papers bequeathed by his father for transmission to future Earls of Lytton, so that the representatives of a name rendered illustrious by the testator's honored father shall never be without the means of refuting the calumnies originated by Rosina, Lady Lytton.

The testator further exhorts his widow and executors 'never to permit to be destroyed these documents, which contain a complete refutation of said calumnies.'

—An Authors Club is likely to become a realized fact in London, *The Athenæum* thinks. The scheme has met with much support from literary men, and the number of candidates for membership is said to be considerable. The expenses of starting will be provided for by the formation of a limited company, of which the first Directors will be Lord Monckswell, Mr. Besant, Mr. Oswald Crawford (Chairman), and Mr. Tidder.

—Mr. William Morris has begun to print, at the Kelmscott Press, the new edition of 'The Defence of Guenevere,' which he will issue in a similar style to that of his 'Poems by the Way.'

—The second course of lectures on poetry at Johns Hopkins, on the Percy Turnbull foundation, will be given by Richard Claverhouse Jebb, the distinguished Professor of Greek at Cambridge, England, who will discuss 'The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry' under the following heads:—'The Distinctive Qualities of the Greek Race as expressed by Homer,' March 28; 'Greek Epic Poetry,' March 29 and 31; 'Greek Lyric Poetry: The Course of its Development,' April 1; 'Pindar,' April 4; 'The Attic Drama,' April 5 and 7; and 'The Permanent Power of Greek Poetry,' April 8.

—A series of papers on the Indians is begun in the March *Overland Monthly*, portraits being given of various noted chiefs.

—As a means of helping on its good work, the Aguilar Free Library has decided to establish memorial alcoves at its various branches, each of which will be marked by a tablet bearing the name of the alcove and of its founder. By giving the Library \$1000 or more, any one may become the founder of an alcove, and at least \$500 of his donation will be devoted to its establishment.

—We quote a single paragraph from an interesting budget of 'Impressions of a Bookman in America,' in *The Bookman*. The 'impressionist' is evidently Mr. Charles Welsh of Griffith, Farran & Co., the London publishers:—

Others can tell many an excellent story of ignorant *parvenus* who, at the instigation of their wives or their daughters, have stocked their libraries with as little knowledge and discrimination as the average American stocks his wine cellar, and that is saying a great deal. Then at the other end of the scale, everybody reads in America, and everybody has been reading for years, while our lower classes have been fighting for the right to learn to read. Hence cheap books in paper covers have been and are produced and sold in thousands of thousands. Of course the absence of international copyright and competition among rival reprinters has helped this, but there must have been both demand and supply to bring about the condition of things that we see in America to-day.

—Eugen D'Albert, the pianist, has returned from abroad. It is about two years since he left America after his first concert tour here, and since that time he has been playing in Europe. He is writing a grand opera in two acts on a fairy subject. It is called 'The Ruby.'

—Adelina Patti, while in Louisville, presented young Alexander Salvini with her adaptation of the play 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' made (from the original) by Signor Carano, the flutist of Ardit's orchestra, and presented to the diva on her birthday, Feb. 19. She herself is going to produce it at Craig-y-nos this summer. This will be the first time that she has appeared in a part outside of opera. Alexander Salvini will produce the play in Boston in May, and Mme. Patti has promised to stay to witness the production. The libretto was published in Turin in 1884, six years before Mascagni wrote his music for it.

—Mr. Julius M. Price, special artist of *The Illustrated London News*, has written an account of his recent travels in the East, under the title of 'From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea.' 'Mr. Price,' says *The Publishers' Circular*, 'is the only white man, so far as is known, who ever travelled across Asia from the Arctic Ocean to the Pacific.'

—'I have never,' writes Whittier to an English correspondent, 'desired or hoped to found a school of poetry, nor even written with the definite object of influencing others to follow my example: I have only written as the spirit came and went, often unable to give utterance to the best poems that were in my heart, the utterance being holden; but it has been the crowning joy of a prolonged old age that my life has not been entirely valueless, and that I have been allowed to see the end of slavery in my country.'

—The household goods of the historian Bancroft have just been sold at auction at Newport, his summer home. Curios, engravings, etc., brought first-rate prices.

—The will of the late Gen. George W. Cullum leaves \$250,000 for a Memorial Hall at the West Point Academy, over \$100,000 for a building for the American Geographical Society and \$20,000 toward the \$100,000 fund for the purchase of casts for the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

—Mr. Joseph Sabin, whose father and namesake won distinction as an authority on books relating to America, has been engaged for several weeks in cataloguing the extensive library of the late George Bancroft.

—*Biblia* for March has a masterly article by Dr. C. E. Moldenke on 'The Oldest Fairy-Tale,' bristling with the hieroglyphic and spiced with the Coptic text. All who wish to see and study from that text should see *Biblia*, the only periodical in America that has the use of a font of the old Egyptian letters and ideograms. Other matters are 'An Etruscan Text on a Mummy,' Prof. Osborn's 'Egyptology and the Bible,' 'Palestine Exploration' by Prof. Wright, 'The Dog in Ancient Egypt' by Maspéro, and various notes.

—W. S. Gottsberger & Co. have been succeeded by George Gottsberger Peck, who will bring out this week 'Hertha,' a romance by Ernest Eckstein, translated from the German by Mrs. Edward H. Bell.

—Mr. Leslie Stephen presided at a meeting in London on March 7, called to consider his project for the erection in Westminster of a monument to Mr. Lowell. Among those present were Sir Frederick Pollock, Edmund Gosse, Walter Besant and W. J. Linton. A committee was appointed to raise a private fund for the Lowell memorial. Prof. James Bryce, M.P., Richard Blackmore, Archdeacon Farrar, Prof. Huxley, Andrew Lang, Sir John Lubbock, Justin McCarthy, the Earl of Portsmouth and other eminent men have written letters expressing approval of the idea.

—The Rev. Dr. Paxton announces that Jay Gould has given \$25,000 to the University of the City of New York. The money was subscribed a few days after Mr. Gould gave \$10,000 to the Presbyterian Church Extension Committee.

—The personality of the late Dr. Noah Porter, President of Yale for the fifteen years following 1871, was as charming as his fame was great. He was a pastor and a professor, as well as a college president, and his contributions to the literature of the day were singularly voluminous, considering their high quality and the distractions of his routine work. He wrote, besides many sermons, essays and other ephemeral articles, 'An Historical Sketch of Farmington,' the home of his ancestors for two hundred years, 1841; 'The Educational System of the Puritans and Jesuits Compared,' 1851; 'Books and Reading,' 1870; 'American Colleges and the American Public,' 1871; 'Science of Nature versus the Science of Man,' 1871; 'Evangeline: The Place, the Story, and the Poem,' 1882; 'The Elements of Moral Science, Theoretical and Practical,' 1885; 'Science and Sentiment,' 1882; 'Life of Bishop Berkeley,' 1885; Kent's 'Ethics, a Critical Exposition,' 1886; and his greatest work, 'The Human Intellect,' 1868. He also had general charge of the revision of Webster's Dictionary. His sister, Miss Sarah Porter, has been for many years the head of a noted school for girls at Farmington; and his brother, Samuel Porter, is Professor Emeritus at the National Deaf Mute College at Washington, D.C. Dr. Porter was one of the 'Forty Immortals' elected by our readers in 1884, and is the thirteenth who has died.

### The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### ANSWERS

1849.—I am not absolutely sure that this is the whole of the verses that my father wrote, but it is all that I can get of them, and has been kindly sent me by some person who copies them from an old scrap-book, so that it seems quite possible that they may be correct.

Take a little rum—  
The less you take the better—  
Mix it with the lakes  
Of Wener and of Wetter.  
Dip a spoonful out  
(Mind you don't get groggy),  
Pour it in the lake  
Of Winnipiseogee.  
Stir the mixture well  
Lest it prove inferior;  
Then put half a drop  
Into Lake Superior.  
Every other day  
Take a drop in water:  
You'll be better soon,  
Or at least you oughter.

BISHOP'S HOUSE, ALBANY, N.Y. WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE.

[Other versions of 'Homeopathy,' and fragments of versions, none so complete and good as this one, come to us from other sources—from M. H. H. of New Haven, E. M. W. of Baltimore, W. G. of Augusta, Maine; A. M. C. of Boston, A. D. F. of Somerville, N. J., and E. M. P. of New York.]

### Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]
Balzac, H. de. <i>The Country Doctor.</i> Trans. by Mrs. F. M. Dey.
Caine, H. <i>The Scapegoat.</i> 50c.
Christ vs. Christianity. \$1.50.
Christie, T. <i>Memoir and Sermons.</i> 8s.
Dickinson, E. <i>A Vicar's Wife.</i> 6s.
Dixon, A. C. <i>The God Man.</i> Baltimore, M. D.: Wharton & Co.
Dorsey, J. O. <i>Omaha and Ponca Letters.</i> Washington: Bureau of Ethnology.
Education: Report of U. S. Commissioner. 1888-89. 2 vols.
Kiepert, H. <i>Atlas Antiquus.</i> \$2.
King, H. T. <i>The Idealist.</i> \$1.50.
La Forest, D. <i>Renée and Colette.</i> Trans. by Mrs. B. Lewis. 50c.
Longman's New School Atlas. \$1.50.
Missener, A. <i>Cherubs. The Shadow of the Cross.</i> Cassell Pub. Co.
Page, T. <i>Mountains and Rivers.</i> 12.
Racine, J. <i>Esther.</i> Ed. by I. H. B. Spiers. 50c.
Ruskin, J. <i>Ariadne Florentina.</i> \$2.75.
Ruskin, J. <i>The Stones of Venice.</i> 2 vols. \$1.50 each.
Ruskin, J. <i>The Crown of Wild Olive.</i> \$1.50.
Ruskin, J. <i>The Eagle's Nest.</i> \$1.50.
Shakespeare's Tragedy of Hamlet. Ed. by C. L. Maxcy. 50c.
Shindler, R. <i>Life and Labors of C. H. Spurgeon.</i> \$1.50.
Shatto, Baronne. <i>My Lady's Dressing Room.</i> Ed. by H. H. Ayer. \$1.50.
Thomas, C. <i>Catalogue of Prehistoric Works.</i> Washington: Bureau of Ethnology. Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews. Vol. I. \$3.
Wilkins, M. E. <i>The Pot of Gold and Other Stories.</i> \$1.50.
Longmans, Green & Co.
Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

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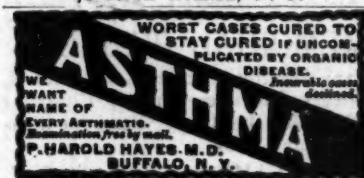


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